Dangerous

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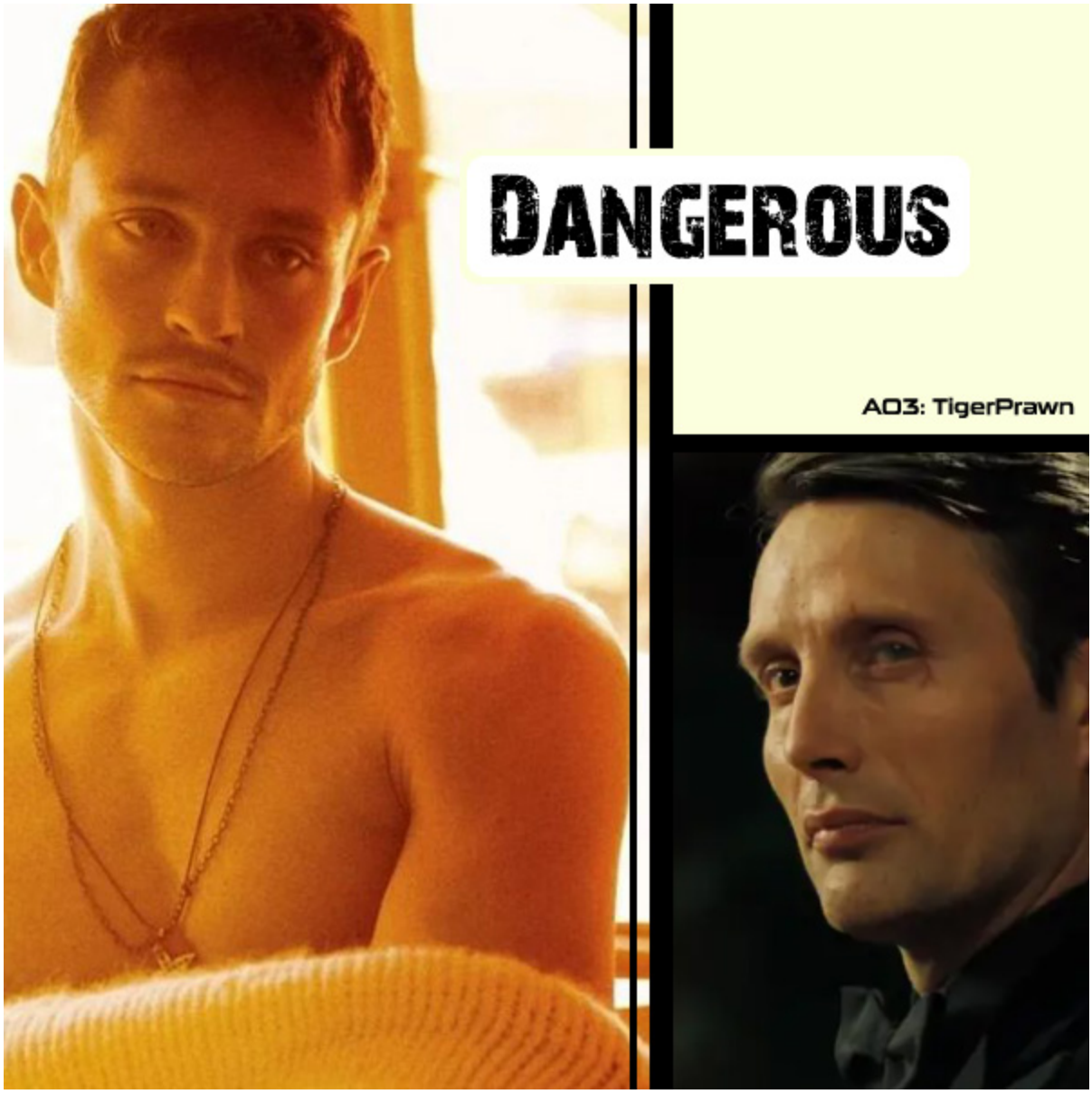
Dangerous

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Acting on mutual attraction, cop Will has an ill-advised fling with criminal Le Chiffre.



Officer Will Graham of the New Orleans PD knew exactly who and what Le Chiffre was.

He might not know the man's real name - he assumed that very few did, including most of the FBI - but he knew what he was about.

Le Chiffre - The Number, or The Cypher - wasn't your usual common or garden criminal. For that reason, despite wanting to do his job to the fullest extent of his abilities, Le Chilffre was off limits to the local PD. No doubt there was some bigger sting operation in effect. Whether tomorrow or five years from now, the FBI or the CIA would be making some sort of visit and any interference by the PD would only result in complications.

In his few years on the force, Will had seen more than once an overzealous rookie or a hot-headed detective end up in trouble for going after a big fish. He still remembered the shit

storm when Jackson brought in a guy who turned out to be deep undercover and blew the whole operation.

So Will did nothing, even though he was intrigued.

More than intrigued as he sat at the bar and watched Le Chiffre over in one of the booths.

He'd recognised the man easily - his all black aesthetic and the scar across his eye. But he definitely hadn't expected to see him at a gay bar. Will never really thought about criminals being gay. Perhaps it was something of a stereotype to think that criminals weren't exactly queer friendly? After all, look at the Krays. Maybe once you were so terrifying and powerful you could do what you wanted? After all, no one was going to pick a fight with Ronnie Kray over who he was fucking.

Will realised he wasn't the only one watching Le Chiffre. Likely most of them didn't know who he was, they were just seeing an attractive man. But Will also didn't miss how they seemed to drift around him and never to him, drawn in but also repelled by self-preservation. Because, it had to be said, there was something clearly dangerous about the man. Maybe not something completely overt to those who didn't know who he was, but Will had no doubt that he gave off a terrifying energy once you got close enough.

And it was hard not to want to test that theory.

So two shots later Will decided he would test it.

Le Chiffre didn't look like he was going anywhere, and neither of them had been chatted up. Partly because Will wasn't exactly making himself approachable either.

Grabbing another drink, and one for Le Chiffre, Will wandered over and slid into the opposite side of the booth without a word.

He downed his drink then finally looked over at Le Chiffre who was watching him with amusement.

"Good evening," Le Chiffre rumbled the words low but Will could make them out over the music playing around them.

"Evening," Will replied, tipping his head like he was dothing a cap.

"Is there something I can help you with?" Le Chiffre asked.

Will's lips twitched into a smile, and he raised a brow, giving Le Chiffre a look that said it all. This was a great place to hook-up, they were both there alone, the answer seemed obvious.

"I thought maybe I could help you," Will replied, letting his Southern drawl come out even as his brain was telling him to stop.

Maybe he shouldn't have had a couple more drinks. Truth was, Le Chiffre was hot and Will was horny. If he didn't know the man was a criminal would he have approached him? He could just pretend he didn't know who he was.

Which would be easier said than done, given that the reason Will approached him *was* because he knew who he was. Usually Will would just drink alone and wait to be approached. He never made the first move, he hadn't worked up to that yet. It had taken long enough to get over his upbringing enough to embrace being bisexual. It still was ingrained in him enough that he couldn't quite make the first move.

Until tonight at least, spurred by his curiosity.

"What makes you think I need… *help*?" Le Chiffre fixed him with a hard gaze, though there was a smirk in place.

It sent a shiver up Will's spine and it was even clearer that the vibe this man gave off definitely deterred people with a lot more common sense than he apparently had at the moment.

"You looked lonely," Will turned on the charm, despite knowing this was his out. He could just say sorry and walk away, but his horny brain seemed to have taken over.

Le Chiffre huffed, "I am perfectly happy with my own company."

"But now you don't need to be. Will," Will said, holding out his hand to shake.

Le Chiffre looked at his hand and raised a brow, before finally taking hold and shaking it. And fuck, the sparks at the contact were definitely there. Will was sure Le Chiffre could feel it too.

"Jean," Le Chiffre replied, holding Will's gaze for a long, intense, moment.

Will swallowed. He had no idea if that was Le Chiffre's real name, but it was a name. But then what did he expect? Surely in a situation such as this, the man wouldn't introduce himself by the name he was known in the criminal underworld.

"So Jean… should I stay?"

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"Fuck, fuck…" Will grunted the words out as Jean leaned him over the ridiculously expensive couch in his ridiculously expensive hotel suite, his cock pulled out from his ridiculously expensive suit.

This was just fucking, Will tried to convince himself. Even all this time later, it was for sure just fucking.

This was just something they did when Le Chiffre was in town. Since that first night when he'd fucked Will in the bar bathroom before taking him back to a hotel suite and fucking him there too. All night.

"Jean!" Will cried out, unsure himself whether he was asking for a reprieve or for the man to go harder.

Harder it was. His hands gripping Will's shoulders, pressed him down as he slammed into him over and over. Will's cock pressed uncomfortably against the couch, and yet that was a strange pleasure in itself.

"Good boy," Jean soothed, his words a soft counterbalance to the roughness of his fucking. "My good boy."

Will whimpered, going pliant and letting Jean use his hole.

The sounds of their flesh slapping together was obscene in its echo around the cavernous hotel suite.

"Miss-missed this…" Will managed to grunt out. Le Chiffre's visits to New Orleans were infrequent, but this had been a particularly long stretch. He'd been in Europe for weeks, becoming something of an international criminal of note.

The irony was never lost on either of them. But this was definitely just fucking.

"I'm sure you've not been all that lonely." Jean growled against his ear. "I can feel how well used you are."

Will groaned at the words. They were partially true, it wasn't like there was anything more to this than casual sex. A booty call for both of them, because they liked how their bodies fit together.

No, more than that. It was the danger. There was no denying that.

Fuck, any time that Le Chiffre was even remotely mentioned in passing at work, he'd start to get hard. Like a fucking pavlovian response to all the fantastic sex they'd had.

With a grunt and then a groan, Jean slammed into him twice more, pressing deep and lingering as he filled the condom. He collapsed over Will's back, the fabric of his suit against Will's bare flesh.

They panted together for a minute before Jean nipped at Will's shoulder, straightened and took hold of the condom as he pulled out.

Will moaned at the sensation, his own cock still hard and wanting against the couch.

"Poor boy, can't leave you like that. Not after you took me so well," Jean crooned as he dropped the condom into the trashcan next to the couch, watching whilst Will turned.

Will leaned back against the couch, his pants around his ankles and cock leaking.

With a hum, Le Chiffre dropped to his knees in front of him and immediately took Will's crown into his mouth, sucking on it like a lolly.

"Mmm," Will groaned and put his hand in Le Chiffre's hair. Tugging at it slightly, losing the neatness of the products. Will loved that, messing smart guys up. He'd never realised how

much he'd enjoyed it until he got to do it to Jean time and again. Mussing his hair and smart suits.

Jean sucked him down and then pulled back. Repeating the motion a few times, wetting Will's dick as it throbbed in his mouth. When he looked up, eyes meeting Will's with his cock hanging out of his mouth, Will knew what was expected.

He tightened his grip in Jean's hair and began to slide into his mouth. A little deeper each time as Jean continued to suck and swirl his tongue expertly, no matter how hard or deep Will thrust.

"Gonna come," Will muttered, his hips stuttering as it all became too much. Jean pulled off then, all the way back until just the tip of Will's cock lay on his tongue, his mouth open wide as he began to jerk Will off.

The sight alone was enough to do it for him. Will came hard, spurting onto Jean's tongue and down his throat until Jean closed his mouth around the crown again and sucked him dry.

"Fuck," Will gasped for breath as he leaned back against couch.

As he got to his feet, Jean pulled up Will's trousers and underwear, tucking his half hard cock away for him.

They kissed for a long minute, Will tasting himself on Le Chiffre's tongue before the clock in the room chimed the hour and Will pushed him away.

"I gotta get back to work," he grabbed his shirt from the couch and pulled it on, tidying himself up and making sure his badge and gun were properly situated. "I'll call you when I get off duty."

"Mmm," Le Chiffre agreed.

Detective Graham gave him one last kiss before leaving Jean alone to get on with his business, whatever that might be.

This was dangerous, Will knew. But he found it hard to care.

Because, fact was, there had always been something a little dangerous about Will Graham too. He knew it. He'd spent years trying to keep control of it, trying to suppress it. Trying to do good to balance it out, becoming a cop, helping elderly neighbours with their shopping. But one day, he knew, he might not be able to contain it any more.

When that happened, Will Graham would be dangerous indeed.

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